

THE CROWN OF LOVE.

O, MIGHT I load my arms with thee,
Like that young lover of Romance,
Who loved and gain'd so gloriously
The fair Princess of France !

Because he dared to love so high,
He, bearing her dear weight, must speed
To where the mountain touch'd the sky :
So the proud king decreed.



Unhalting he must bear her on,
Nor pause a space to gather breath,
And on the height she would be won ;—
And she was won in death !

Red the far summit flames with morn,
While in the plain a glistening Court
Surrounds the king who practised scorn
Thro' such a mask of sport.

She leans into his arms ; she lets
Her lovely shape be clasp'd : he fares.
God speed him whole ! The knights make bets :
The ladies lift soft prayers.

you seen the deer at chase ?
you seen the wounded kite ?

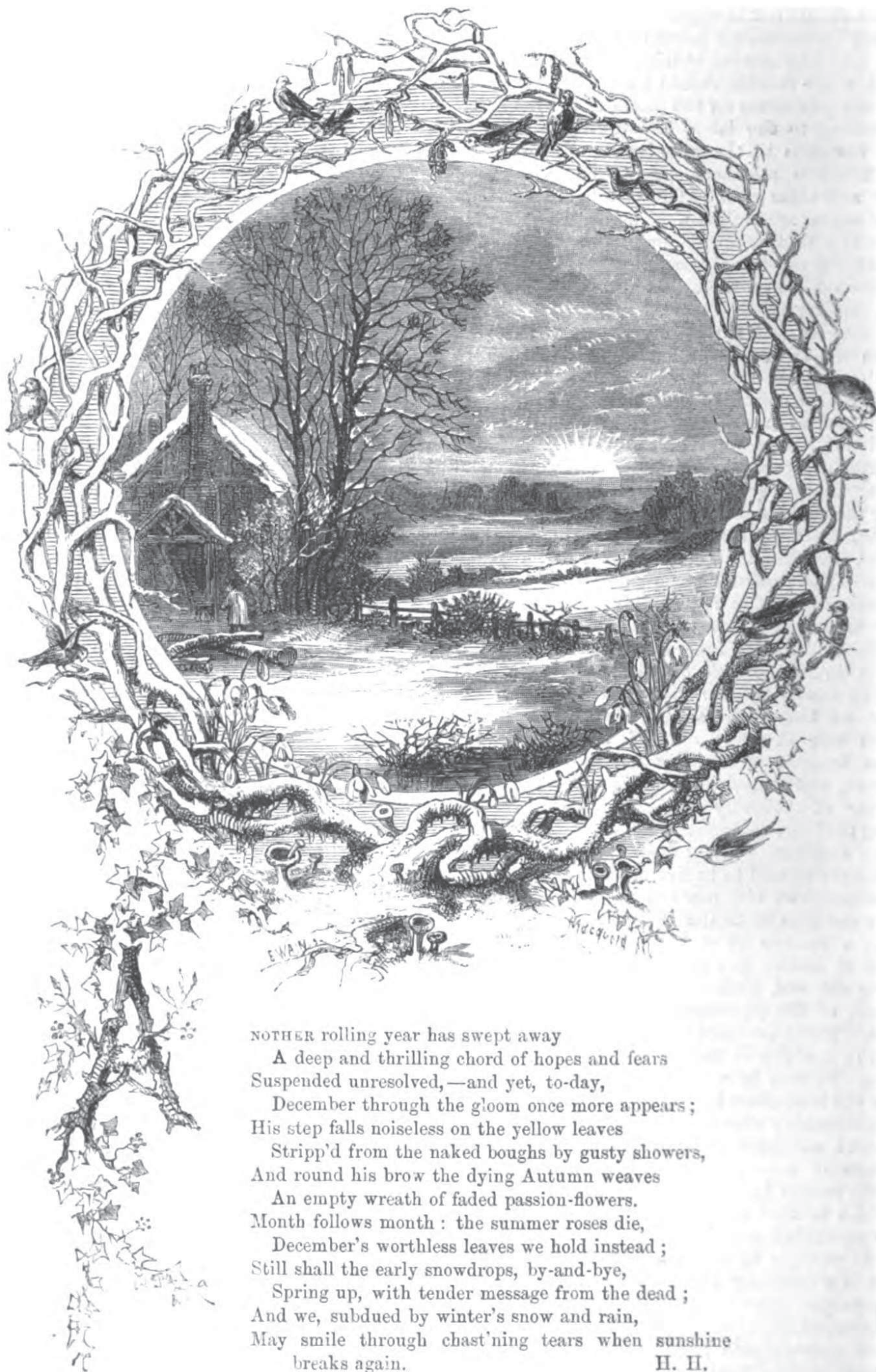
So boundingly he runs the race,
So wavering grows his flight.

“ My lover ! linger here, and slake
Thy thirst, or me thou wilt not win.”
“ See'st thou the tumbled heavens ? they break !
They beckon us up, and in.”

“ Ah, hero-love ! unloose thy hold :
O drop me like a cursed thing.”
“ See'st thou the crowded swards of gold ?
They wave to us Rose and Ring.”

“ O death-white mouth ! O cast me down !
Thou diest ? Then with thee I die.”
“ See'st thou the angels with a Crown ?
We twain have reach'd the sky.”

SONNET.



NOTHER rolling year has swept away

A deep and thrilling chord of hopes and fears
Suspended unresolved,—and yet, to-day,

December through the gloom once more appears ;
His step falls noiseless on the yellow leaves

Stripp'd from the naked boughs by gusty showers,
And round his brow the dying Autumn weaves

An empty wreath of faded passion-flowers.

Month follows month : the summer roses die,

December's worthless leaves we hold instead ;

Still shall the early snowdrops, by-and-bye,

Spring up, with tender message from the dead ;

And we, subdued by winter's snow and rain,

May smile through chast'ning tears when sunshine
breaks again.

H. H.

A WIFE.



The wife sat thoughtfully turning over
A book inscribed with the school-girl's name ;
A tear—one tear—fell hot on the cover
She quickly closed when her husband came.

He came, and he went away—it was nothing—
With cold calm words upon either side ;
But, just at the sound of the room-door shutting,
A dreadful door in her soul stood wide.

Love, read of in sweet romances,—
Sorrow, but never fail,

Built her own palace of noble fancies,
All the wide world a fairy tale.

Bleak and bitter, and utterly doleful,
Spreads to this woman her map of life ;
Hour after hour she looks in her soul, full
Of deep dismay and turbulent strife.

Face in both hands, she knelt on the carpet ;
The black cloud loosen'd, the storm-rain fell :
Oh ! life has so much to wilder and warp it,—
One poor heart's day what poet could tell ?

A.

FAIR DRINKING.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing:
Drink deep, or taste not the Florian spring."



HERE'S an old Pope-ish legend going,
About the right of knowing,
Which says it's only for the upper classes,—
Only for them the Muses' tap is flowing,—
And all below the salt must sit with empty
glasses.

"Not so," says Education,
"I brew for all the nation,—
Drink, he who thirsts,—I sell by pint and
barrel."
And this explains the quarrel.

So ye who wish to be as learned
As St. Augustine or St. Bernard,
Cardan or Aristotle,
Drink on (there's none prevents) your fill;
Get boosey on the classic rill;
But the Pierides declare
The Million waits to have its share;
So drink,—but *pass the bottle!*

BERRY.

A BORDER SONG.



To horse! For who would idly bide,
With a moon so round and clear?
'Twill merrier be to-night to ride
Than hungry-eyed sit here.

"The board is bare," my lady pleads,
And shall we fast perforce?
Never, while herd in England feeds,
And Harden owns a horse.

What though in our last border fray
We lost a cousin brave?
As sound a sleep is his, I say,
As comes to churchyard grave.

Rather than toss on couch of pain,
Sinking by slow degree,
Who would not fall on starlit plain,
Or 'neath the greenwood tree?

The thrall of peace is all I fear;
No battle doom I dread;
There hath not died this many a year
A chief of Scott in bed.

To horse! and use to-night, my friends,
The moonlight as you may,
Till English valleys make amends
For our poor cheer to-day.

D. G. R.

THE BRIDAL OF GALTRIM.



THE priest's at the altar ; the bride—and the groom—
The bridesmaids—and gallants, with doff'd cap and
plume,

Are kneeling around till the word forth is gone
That blesses the union of two into one.

But while the devout were responding "Amen,"
The blast of a war-trumpet rang thro' the glen,
And each man, as he sprang to his feet, gripp'd his
sword,

While the fresh-plighted hand of the bride held her
lord.

"Oh, hold me not, dearest !—you would not detain ?
It is honour to go—'twere disgrace to remain.
The foe's at the gate ; we must drive him away :—

A joust is befitting a chief's wedding-day !"
He buckled his mail o'er his gay wedding garb ;
He call'd for his lance, and he sprang on his barb,
And waved back a graceful adieu, as he cried,
"A victor I soon will be back with my bride !"

And soon *was* he back, and a victor beside, —
But 'twas to his widow, and not to his bride ;
For, foremost in danger the foe to repel,
In the moment of conquest the conqueror fell.
Slowly the victors return from the field,
Lamenting the knight whom they bore on his shield ;
And the Lady of Galtrim, as Chronicles say,
Was maid, wife, and widow, —and all in one day.

SAMUEL LOVER.



LITTLE ROGUE!



was sitting beside
My destined bride,
One still sentimental day :
“How I long,” said I,
“But to make you cry,
And I’d kiss the bright tears away !”

Fair Cecily blush’d,
Her voice grew hush’d,
I thought she would cry to be sure :
But she lisp’d to me,
Pouting prettily,
“Prevention is better than cure !” J. S.

THE HEAD OF BRAN.

For an account of this British worthy, see "The Mabinogion," Lady Charlotte Guest's translation. He was the son of Llyr, king of Britain, and said to be the first convert to Christianity in these islands. Hence his title, "Bendigeid, the Blessed." Taliesin, the bard, the "radiant brow," was one of the seven princes to whom it was committed to carry the head to its resting-place.

The Head was buried, looking towards France, in the Gwnvryn, or White Mount, site of the Tower of London. And this was called "the third goodly concealment of the isles of Britain;" for that no invasion from across sea came to this island while the Head was in that concealment. Arthur, "the blameless king," had it disinterred, refusing, in his pride, to trust to the charm. And this the Triads term the third ill-fated disclosure of the isles of Britain, invasion and general disaster following it.

I.

WHEN the Head of Bran
Was firm on British shoulders,
God made a man!
Cried all beholders.

Steel could not resist
The weight his arm would rattle;
He, with naked fist,
Has brain'd a knight in battle.

He march'd on the foe,
And never counted numbers;
Foreign widows know
The hosts he sent to slumbers.

As a street you scan,
That's tower'd by the steeple,
So the Head of Bran
Rose o'er his people.

II.

"Death's my neighbour,"
Quoth Bran the Blest;
"Christian labour
Brings Christian rest.
From the trunk sever
The Head of Bran,
That which never
Has bent to man!

"That which never
To men has bow'd,
Shall live ever
To shame the shroud:
Shall live ever
To face the foe;
Sever it, sever,
And with one blow.

"Be it written,
That all I wrought
Was for Britain,
In deed and thought:
Be it written,
That, while I die,
Glory to Britain!
Is my last cry.

" 'Glory to Britain !'
 Death echoes me round.
 Glory to Britain !
 The world shall resound.
 Glory to Britain !
 In ruin and fall,
 Glory to Britain !
 Is heard over all."

III.

Burn, Sun, down the sea !
 Bran lies low with thee.
 Burst, Morn, from the main !
 Bran so shall rise again.
 Blow, Wind, from the field !
 Bran's Head is the Briton's shield.



Beam, Star, in the west !
 Bright burns the Head of Bran the Blest.

IV.

Crimson-footed, like the stork,
 From great ruts of slaughter,
 Warriors of the Golden Torque,
 Cross the lifting water.
 Princes seven, enchaining hands,
 Bear the live head homeward.
 Lo ! it speaks, and still commands ;
 Gazing far out foamward.

Fiery words of lightning sense,
 Down the hollows thunder ;
 Forest hostels know not whence
 Comes the speech, and wonder.
 City-castles, on the steep,
 Where the faithful Seven

House at midnight, hear, in sleep
 Laughter under heaven.

Lilies, swimming on the mere,
 In the castle shadow,
 Under draw their heads, and Fear
 Walks the misty meadow.
 Tremble not ! it is not Death
 Pledging dark espousal :
 'Tis the Head of endless breath,
 Challenging carousal !

Brim the horn ! a health is drunk,
 Now, that shall keep going :
 Life is but the pebble sunk ;
 Deeda, the circle growing.
 Fill, and pledge the Head of Bran !
 While his lead they follow,
 Long shall heads in Britain plan
 Speech Death cannot swallow !

GEORGE MEREDITH.

in company with Miss Rose, the heiress ; the Honourable Melville Jocelyn, the diplomate ; and the Count and Countess de Saldar, refugees out of that explosive little kingdom.

(To be continued.)

THE MISTAKE.

(AN OLD GEM RESET.)

Miss Marion Gray was an old maid confest

Of some forty and two p'rhaps to spare ;
And she lived in a region that once was "the West,"
And held up its head I've been told with the best—

In short, it was Red Lion Square.

Though the first bloom of youth had been wiped from
her cheek,

Though her hair was—don't breathe it—a wig,
Though the vulgar remarked that her voice was a
squeak,
And her nose rather red, and her temper not meek,
She was "merry as e'er was a grig."

The Square has gone down, but the trees are still green
That o'ershadow the dull plot of ground,
Some grass and a sprinkling of flowers are seen
By those who in summer-time peep through the screen
Of old iron that totters around.

Her house is an old one—'twas built at the time
When Anna the Stuart was Queen :
No legends suggested that aught of sublime
Was connected therewith, and no terrible crime
Rooms, closets, or cellars had seen.

Though a dark-looking stain on the drawing-room floor,
Might have hinted a story of guilt
To the brains of a Spinner of Tales by the score,
Who had lifted the carpet ('twas just by the door),
Where some blood—or some beer—had been spilt.

No roses climbed over the mansion, but bowers
As dwellings are terribly "slow,"
Some flower-pots stood in the yard, and the showers
Still watered the mould and the sticks, but the flowers
Were *potted* some ages ago.

Miss Gray, as we've said, was an old maid confest,
Who of "offers" had had just a score,
(Did you e'er know a lady not quite at her best,
Who hadn't been bothered with many a pest,
In the shape of a man, or a *bore*?)

Her income sufficed for herself and a maid,
Extremely good looking and young;
But, like all pretty girls, a most tiresome jade,
She gave her poor mistress not much of her aid,
And a very great deal of her tongue.

One morning in summer, the weather was fine,
But the lady was still in her bed, [nine,
Though the church (if there is one) was just striking
When the door-bell rang out like a summons to dinc,
And the fair one uplifted her head,

Rose, passed from the room, and leaned over the stairs
To listen—What mortal can blame?
'Twas a failing she had (knowing all men are bears),
That she liked to "drop down" on the maid "una-
If she thought that a "follower" came. [wares,"



Why that start of amazement—that look of surprise,
Why those feelings that fast men call "queer?"
To Jane's "What do you want, sir?" a deep voice
"I die for your mistress, my dear." [replies:—

"For me is he dying? oh! beg him to wait,
I'll be down, Jane, as soon as I can,"
(For her costume was then in a terrible state,
Loose and white like a Muse, or a Grace, or a Fate,
Ere crinoline fashions began.)

She had dined not long since at a rustic retreat,
Near Kennington Oval, or Square,
Where a gentleman filling a neighbouring seat,

Had gazed in a manner that's fondly called "sweet,"
As he helped her to jelly with hare.

Could it chance to be he—it was early, but then,
Love visits both early and late:
Of course, she still hated "those horrible men,"
But she liked to encourage a little, and then—
Oh, dear! she was making him wait.

Her toilet complete, she descended in haste,
All a-flutter her lover to scan.
Just paused at the stair-foot (she'd exquisite taste),
To tighten a little the cord at her waist,
And moved forward to look at the man.

He looked rather “seedy,” a cap in his hand,
A parcel just opened to show,
She collapsed—the disturber on seeing her stand
Amazed—“took an attitude,” sheepish and bland,
Like a goose, but *she* couldn’t say *beau*.

“My master has done, miss, the best that he can,”
(Displaying a marvel of skill),
“Your master—the *dyer*—you infamous man!”
He stared—“Go away, sir, as fast as you can,
And I’ll send the amount of your bill.”

He thought she was mad, not at all, she was sane,
As a woman so worried could be,
She crawled to her chamber assisted by Jane,
And (after restoratives) came down again
To her breakfast of toast and of tea.

Rather late in the day, with her spirits restored
(Much sooner than Jane had expected),
She searched out a card from an odd little hoard,
And entered this call on this mystical board,
As the twenty-first offer—Rejected.

JAMES W. JOHNSON.

THE LAY OF THE LADY AND THE HOUND.



LISTEN, fair knights, to a minstrel's word,—
Trust to your horse and your good broadsword,
Trust to your hawk and your bold bloodhound,
But trust no woman that ever was found.

Sir Dinas had prick'd over hill and plain,
At his castle gate he slack'd the rein ;
To his trusty squire his bridle threw,
And his bugle-horn he loudly blew.

Soon as the seneschal old he spied,
He ask'd for the health of his fairy bride ;
The aged vassal made no reply,
But he tore his hair and he wiped his eye.

The knight was mute, but his heart was sore,
As he hurriedly strode through the long corridor;
Until in her chamber he stood, and alone :—
The bower was there, but the bird was flown.

Then he sprang on his horse at a single bound,
And whistled amain for his bold bloodhound ;

But "Alas !" said the vassal, "in vain you call,
My lady's gone off with the dogs and all."

Sir Dinas set spurs to his steed, and away,—
From evening's close to the break of day
He slack'd not a moment his desperate course :
'Twas a weary night for the noble horse ;

Till, just as the morrow to dawn began,
Who should he see but his false leman,
Riding along 'neath the greenwood tree
With a stranger knight right lovingly.

That knight was bold, and that knight was strong,
His sword was sharp, and his spear was long ;
But he found himself ere he could utter a prayer [the air.
With his helm on the ground and his spurs in

Down from the saddle Sir Dinas sprung,
O'er the foeman's throat his poniard hung ;
But ere it was dimm'd in his heart's best blood,
A hoary friar between them stood.

"Now hold your hand," quoth the palmer gray,
"And read me aright the cause of the fray ;
For though youth hath strength, by the will of Heaven
To the hoary head is wisdom given."

Sir Dinas bow'd to the holy man,
And in reverend guise his tale began.
"Now out and alas ! Sir Knight," said he,
"That good blood should be shed for a bad ladye ;

"Blood cannot end what lust began,
Nor restore the heart of a false leman.
Let her choose her mate ; and, whoe'er he be,
I wish him small joy of her company."

Sir Dinas swore, with a faltering voice,
To hold and abide by the lady's choice.
Then up arose that lady bright,
And gave her hand to the stranger knight.

A woeful man was Sir Dinas then,
The scorn of a woman, the jest of men ;
He said not a word, but his cheek was pale,
And the strong man shook in his coat of mail.

Then he heavily clomb on his courser's back,
And set his face on the homeward track.
The heart in his breast seem'd turn'd to stone,
As he rode through the lone wood all alone :

Till he heard a sound, and he felt a bound,
And he look'd, and he saw that his noble hound
Had left lady's whistle, and coaxing word,
To follow the path of his lonely lord.

The lady had lain in a silken bed,
She was deck'd in the spoils for which Dinas bled,
She was fed on the daintiest cates, I wot,—
But she fled from her lord, and she loved him not.

The hound was bred under a sterner law :
His couch had been of the mouldy straw,
His food the crumbs from the board that fell,—
But he clove to his lord, and he lov'd him well.

Then lithe and listen, and hearken all
To the words that the minstrel's lips let fall,—
Trust, gallants, trust to your bold bloodhound,
But to never a lady that walks the ground." S.

I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT, MA'AM!

THEY say the men are faithless all,
And never will prove thrue, dear,
But of all in all, both great and small,
I'll never forget *you*, dear.
For 'tis you that took the *hoighth* o' care
To keep my memory thrue, dear ;

My memory's not very good—but I'll never forget
you, dear.

O, Kitty, dear, you need not fear
That I will e'er forget you,

I remember all your tinderness
From the hour that first I met you.

'Twas at the fair your coixin' air

First made me be your suithor,
Where I spent my wealth to dhrink your health,

And toss'd the costly pewther ;
A lock o' your hair you promised me—

With joy my heart was big, ma'am !
But in the bottom o' the quart

I found the fiddler's wig, ma'am !

O, indeed, Miss Kit, the dickins a bit

You'll wheedle me now with your chat, ma'am :

My memory's not very good—

But I'll never forget that, ma'am.

When you bid me step up to the house,

To spake to your mother and fater,

And said, of all the boys you knew

'Twas myself that you would rather ;



“Won't you take a sate,” says you, “my dear ?”

With a most seducin' air, ma'am :

But, oh ! what a thunderin' lump of a pin

You stuck in the sate of the chair, ma'am !

Indeed, Miss Kit, the dickins a bit

You'll wheedle me now with your chat, ma'am,

My memory's not very good—

But I'll never forget that, ma'am.

When I said 'twas you could raise the flame,

My love, you did but mock it,

For didn't you put a coal o' fire

Into my new coat pocket ?

And when I blazed, 'twas you did shout

With laughter, to be sure, ma'am,

“O,” says you, “my dear, I'll put you out,”

But, faix, 'twas out o' the door, ma'am.

Indeed, Miss Kit, the dickins a bit

You'll wheedle me now with your chat, ma'am.

My memory's not very good—

But I'll never forget that, ma'am.

Then didn't I see black Darby Keogh

To the little back window pass, ma'am ?

His ugly face he there did squeeze

Till he flatten'd his nose on the glass, ma'am.

Then the sash was riz—I heer'd it squeel—

There was nothing then between you :

'Faith, I know how he flatten'd his nose after that !

Tho' you thought there was nobody seen you.

O, indeed, Miss Kit, the dickins a bit

You'll wheedle me now with your chat, ma'am :

My memory's not very good,—but I'll never forget
that, ma'am !

SAMUEL LOVER.

GOD HELP OUR MEN AT SEA.

God help our men at sea !
 In firelit, pictured rooms, 'mid wine and flowers,
 And gleesome company,
 The wild winds awe us, in our blithest hours,
 To sigh this prayer ;
 And, lonely, with clenched hands, at night 'tis ours,
 "Lord of the waves, O spare !"

God help our men at sea !
 I had a brother once. Our love ne'er fail'd
 In its intensity.
 Smiling on our sweet mother, as he sail'd,
 I saw him last.
 Ah me ! how that sweet mother droop'd and paled
 Ere one brief year had pass'd !



God help our men at sea !
 They saw him, who outlived that deathful night,
 In his extremity,—
 Kneeling, and looking, in the stormfire's light,
 To Heaven for grace.
 And angels' glory was upon him, bright
 As upon Stephen's face.

God help our men at sea !
 Those pilgrim fathers, who leave all to teach
 Their Saviour's charity.
 May their prayers, like St. Paul's, in tempest reach
 His ears, who said,
 With an exceeding tenderness of speech,—
 "'Tis I. Be not afraid !"

God help our men at sea !
 The workers, who at home can find no spheres
 For work ; whom poverty [tears,
 Drives from their birthland, strong, despite those
 To toil, and win ;
 And then, please God, return for peaceful years
 To their own land and kin.

God help our men at sea !
 If lust of power or of revenge assail
 England's tranquillity,
 Using His gracious gifts, we shall prevail,
 As oft before.
 And Israel see the proud Egyptians pale
 And "dead on the sea-shore."

S. REYNOLDS HOLM.

AN EVENING VOICE.

O'ER mellow wood and mournful stream
The shades of evening poise and fall,
The distant echoes dimly call,
Like voices in a dream.

The spirit of the dying day
Stirs with soft wave the gleamy grass ;
Each flow'ret hears the spirit pass,
And what its whispers say :

“ Take, darlings, take my farewell kiss ;
Another happy day will shine,
With morning smile as bright as mine, —
With evening hush'd as this.

“ But will it make you fade more fast,
Or pale your bloom, or dim your glow,
To feel that one who loved you so
Is buried in the past ? ”

The sun sinks down beneath the hill.
From peak to peak, from bole to bole,
Dies out the golden auröole,
And night comes grey and chill—

Beckoning the gentle spirit on,
The plaintive spirit, doom'd to die :
Heedless the drowsy flow'rets lie
Of the sweet presence gone.

O, fond hearts lost with passing pain !
O, slighted smiles that once were ours !
O, loved, that in our happiest hours
May never share again !

RALPH A. BENSON.

FLORINDA.

I.

WHEN of old and young the cheer
Ushers in the new-born year ;
When the summer flowers decorate its prime,
When the old years sadly go
In their winding-sheets of snow,
To their sepulchres within the halls of Time ;

II.

In the daylight, in the dark,
From the rising of the lark,
Till the stars begin to drop into light ;
When the sun is on the wall,
When the heavy raindrops fall,
In the weary, weary watches of the night ;

III.

Come the vain regrets and tears
For my pride-encanker'd years,
The bitter fruit my bitter fate has borne ;
Come the thoughts destroying rest,
Peace and prayer within my breast,
Making life-long occupation thus to mourn.

IV.

O, love ! thou gift divine,
Once so nobly, humbly mine :
Once so swift my coldest bidding to obey ;
O, base, ignoble pride,
That cast the gift aside,
Like a flower idly pluck'd and thrown away.



V.

He loved her not at first,
In security accurst
I thought my power never could depart.
But, O, with patient care
She has won my jewel rare,
And now I'm lost for ever to his heart.

VI.

I could tear her limb from limb,
If I thought his love a whim,
If I hoped to win a thought of his again.
But, no ! the time has past,
He has look'd and loved his last,
And I'd die to save his heart a moment's pain.

VII.

And his child,—her little child !—
With those eyes so brave and mild,
O, would that there were poison in his kiss !

O, strange entangled fate,
How I love her, how I hate :
How I curse her, how I bless her for his bliss !

VIII.

There are voices in the roar
Of the breakers on the shore,—
There are whispers in the wash of the sea.
There are echoes in the breeze,
As it murmurs 'neath the trees,
There are faces in the stars for me.

IX.

Those solemn voices roll
Through the desert of my soul,—
They chill my bleeding heart to its core.
When I pray that peace and rest
Once more may fill my breast,
Comes the never-failing echo—Never more !

PRACTISING.

"PRACTISING, practising." Well, if you're doing it,
Why do you snub me with answer so tart?
Since to a friend superficially viewing it
Practice appears, Jane, a wonderful art.

"Nonsense!" Most likely, you petulant cousin,
Yet you've a mystery under your eyes;
Gloves on it, Jenny-bird? Bet you a dozen.
Five and three-quarters, I know, is the size.

"Tease." No I'm not, Jane. I'm humbly requesting
Small explanations I think you might deign:
Surely, the one-sided bet I'm suggesting
Means that I'll pay for my lesson, Miss Jane.

"Well, what's the wonder? The music before us
Is plain enough, certainly. Out of *Lurline*.
The exquisite air that leads up to the chorus [mean?]
Where Rudolph — Grimaces, sir! What do they



Don't say grimaces, but hasten to solace
Fear I begin to have, Jane, for my sight:
I really can't see, in the scoring of Wallace,
Half that you'll do when you sing this to-night.

Where does he tell you, the moment you're seated,
Give a half-smiling, half-terrified glance:
Where is it written, Jane—Here he repeated
I'm sure they'd be much more delighted to dance!

Where does he say that though knowing how well you'd
Accomplish the song, you must daintily moan
I have really no voice; and then, skimming the prelude,
Fling out a rich note that Alboni might own?

Where is the least kind of mark or direction
Give, yet don't give, a sweet look—you know where:
Is it done at "devoted," or done at "affection,"
Or here, where *Lurline's* in a trance of despair?

When that same Party, restoring your flowers,
Mumbles and mutters the compliment due,
Jane, I don't read in this music of ours,
I always sing well when I'm singing to you.

Practising, practising! Tears—overquick, child,
Sure one may tease when one—cousinly—loves!
I think Charley Churchill no end of a brick, child,
And—kiss me for bringing them—here are the
gloves. SHIRLEY BROOKS.

ANAMNΗΣΙΣ.

WHAT is that sacred well,
Wherein, as poets tell
 (And they are wise),
Shut in its deeps fair Truth for ever lies ?
My tongue is silent, but my thought replies—
 “ Your eyes ! ”

What are those queenly stars
That o'er the violet bars
 Of sunset rise,
One in the wave, the other on the skies ?
How near my lips the loving answer lies—
 “ Your eyes ! ”

And what is that clear hue,
That frank wide-open blue,
 That still surprise,
When from the lake its fringe of shadow flies ?
Low in my heart persistent echo cries—
 “ Your eyes ! ”

So many sights around !
Such musical soft sound
 And witchery
Of airs that rock the blossom and the bee !
Yet nothing shines, or speaks, or sings for me
 But she :

All things are shows of her ;
And she, the interpreter,
 Gliding above
The silent waters, or the sleepy grove,
Doth swiftly make this dead earth live and move
 With love.

What if, in such a mood,
Her very womanhood
 Should come in view,
With eyes thus bright, thus truthful, and thus blue ?
Ah, would she halt and give my spirit true
 Its due !

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

APRÈS.

Down, down, Ellen, my little one—
Climbing so tenderly up to my knee ;
Why should you add to the thoughts that are taunting
me,
Dreams of your mother's arms clinging to me !

Cease, cease, Ellen, my little one—
Warbling so fairly close to my ear ; [me,
Why should you choose, of all songs that are haunting
This, that I made for your mother to hear ?

Hush, hush, Ellen, my little one—
Wailing so wearily under the stars ;

Why should I think of her tears, that make light to me
Love that had made life, and sorrow that mars ?

Sleep, sleep, Ellen, my little one—
Is she not like her, whenever she stirs ?
Has she not eyes that will soon be as bright to me,
Lips that will some day be honey'd, like hers ?

Yes, yes, Ellen, my little one—
Though her white bosom is still'd in the grave,
Something more white than her bosom is spared to
me,
Something to cling to, and something to crave :

Love, love, Ellen, my little one !
Love indestructible, love undefiled,
Love through all deeps of her spirit, lies bared to me,
Oft as I look on the face of her child.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

ONLY FOR SOMETHING TO SAY.

"Nor engaged? I'm so glad. Will you talk with me, then?

An oasis for me in this desert of crowd:

Blest be the blindness of dancing men,

And Laurent for playing so loud!

And so you came with the Ardesley set?

Do you talk with them as you talk with me?

Do those men listen and never forget,

And never again be in fancy free?

I scarce remember'd you, fair as you are,

And you'll beam as brightly when I am gone,—

Careless that thoughts of a vanished star

Make a starless night so lone.

I may take one flower before I go,—

One little bud to tell of the giver?

O yes, it will die in a day, I know,

But the memory—never—never!"

An innocent spirit that knew not pain,

A sweet sunny brow that was stranger to sorrow,

May ponder and dwell on such words again,

Half-glad, half-sad, to-morrow.

Nay, bonny bird, never pine. Among

The fairest and gayest be fair and gay,

Spite of homage wrung from a flattering tongue,

Only for something to say.

"That last valse yours, sir? Certainly, no.

Have I not kept the very next two?

And should I have kept and remember'd them so

For any one else but *you*?

Oh, I'll not praise you for dancing in time,

And talking better than all the rest;

But because it is so I think it no crime

To like *you* for a partner best.

Why did you look, when I danced with Sir Joh

With a look as black as a storm of thunder,

And now put your drawing-room manners on,

And your brightest face, I wonder?

Well, will you take me to have some tea?

Dear, how fresh it is on the stair!

You're not too engaged to stay with me

A minute or two in the air?"

A look that had scorned the tenderest guile,

A heart that deem'd itself stern and strong,

Is bent to the light of a Psyche smile,

And chain'd by a syren-song.

Ho, there, Sir Knight, unconquer'd yet,—

Rover so long, are you caught to-day

In the soft snare set by a clever coquette,

Only for something to say?

'Tis a glorious prowess, in sooth, with a word

To wound the trusting, and tame the proud,

Even as a leaf by a breath is stirr'd,

A spray by a dew-drop bow'd.

And so the battle goes bravely through,

And heart gets harden'd as tongue flows free,

And swells the blazon, "I conquer you,

Lest you should conquer me."

Fight on, brave souls, 'tis a noble strife—

Play on, rosy lips, 'tis a merry game—

Tourney for tourney, and life for life,

Weapons and lists the same.

Since language was framed but to hide the thought,

(Moral as deep as the proverb is old),

Since daily the delicate miracle's wrought,
Hourly the legend told,

You will surely own it an idle creed,
Frivolous gallant and faithless maid,



That forbids the victim to suffer and bleed,
For one vain hour's parade ;
You will surely deny by the evident token

Of trophy on trophy won day by day,
That hearts may be broken by light words spoken,—
Only for something to say. RALPH A. BENSON.

THE GLOVES.



It was a sunny summer's day,
The flowers deck'd dale and hill;
And gurglingly the streamlet ran
That turn'd the clatt'ring mill.
The murmurous flies of every tint
Flew glittering through the air;
And buzzing bees did from the limes
Their precious treasures bear.

The air was languid, calm, and sweet,
With fragrance overlaid;
The slenderest grass unruffled stood,
The trees no rustle made.
A slumb'rous feeling over all
Its gentle influence shed;
The lark could scarcely warble, as
He floated overhead.

And 'neath a broad far-spreading beech
A lovely girl reposed;
The deep-fringed curtains of her eyes
Serenely o'er them closed.
Her bright brown hair in clusters fell
Upon her healthy cheek;
Her rosy lips were parted as
Some gracious words to speak.

A sunbeam glinting thro' the tree
Play'd on her forehead fair;
And still more bright and glowing made
The glory of her hair.
I stood and gazed upon that face
As beautiful as Love's;
Nor wonder you, if stooping low,
I—won a pair of gloves. J. A. LAKFORD.

NOMÉNOË.

(LITERALLY RENDERED FROM THE BRETON.)

[Noménoë was the Alfred of the Bretons, their deliverer from the Franks under Charles the Bald, in the 9th century (A.D., 841). He is a strictly historical personage. Under him the Bretons succeeded in driving the immensely superior force of the Franks beyond the rivers of l'Oust and Vilaine ; pushed their frontier as far as Poitou, and rescued from the hands of the invader the towns of Nantes and Rennes, which have remained included in Brittany from the date of their deliverance by Noménoë. This very spirited ballad was obtained by M. de Villemarqué, from the oral recitation of a peasant of Kergerez. As in my other translations of Breton ballads, I have adhered to the metre and couplets of the original, line for line. —TOM TAYLOR.]

FYTHE I.

The herb of gold * is cut : a cloud
Across the sky hath spread its shroud.
To war !

“The storm-wreaths gather, grim and grey,”
Quoth the great chief of Mount Aré.

“These three weeks past so thick they fall,
Towards the marches of the Gaul——

“So thick, that I no ways can see
My son returning unto me.

“Good merchant, farer to and fro,
Hast tidings of my son, Karò !”

* The “herb of gold” is the mystic *selage*. According to Breton superstition, iron cannot approach it without the sky clouding, and disaster following.

" Mayhap, old chieftain of Aré ;
 But what his kind and calling say."
 " He is a man of heart and brains,
 To Roazon† he drove the wains ;
 " The wains to Roazon drove he,
 Horsed with good horses, three by three,—
 " That drew fair-shared among them all,
 The Breton's tribute to the Gaul."
 " If thy son's wains the tribute bore,
 He will return to thee no more.
 " When that the coin was brought to scale,
 Three pounds were lacking to the tale.
 " Then outspake the Intendant straight :
 ' Vassal, thy head shall make the weight !'
 " With that his sword forth he abrade,
 And straight smote off the young man's head ;
 " And by the hair the head he swung,
 And in the scale, for makeweight, flung."
 The old chief at that cruel sound,
 Him seemed as he would fall in swoond.
 Stark on the rocks he grovelled there—
 His face hid with his hoary hair ;
 And, head on hand, made heavy moan :
 " Karò, my son—my darling son !"

FYFFE II.

Then forth he fares, that aged man,
 And after him his kith and clan ;
 The aged chieftain fareth straight
 Unto Noménoë's castle-gate.
 " Now, tell me, tell me, thou porter bold,
 If that thy master be in hold ?
 " But, be he in, or be he out,
 God guard from harm that chieftain stout."
 Or ever he had pray'd his prayer,
 Behold, Noménoë was there !
 His quarry from the chase he bore,
 His great hounds gambolling before :
 In his right hand his bow unbent ;
 A wild-boar on his back uphent.
 On his white hand, all fresh and red,
 The blood dripp'd from the wild-boar's head.
 " Fair fall you, honest mountain-clan,
 Thee first, as chief, thou white-hair'd man.
 " Your news, your news, come tell to me :
 What would you of Noménoë ?"
 " We come for right ; to know, in brief,
 Hath Heaven a God,—Bretayne a chief ?"
 " Heaven *hath* a God, I trow, old man ;
 Bretayne a chief, if ought I can."
 " He can that will, thereof no doubt,
 And he that can the Frank drives out—
 " Drives out the Frank, defends the land,
 To avenge, and still avenge, doth stand ;—
 " To avenge the living and the dead,
 Me and my fair son foully sped ;
 " My Karò, whose brave head did fall
 By hand of the accursèd Gaul.
 " They flung his head the weights to square ;
 Like ripe wheat shone the golden hair."

† The Breton name of Rennes.

Therewith the old man wept outright,
That tears ran down his beard so white,

Like dew-drops on a lily flower,
That glitter at the sun-rise hour.



When of those tears the chief was ware,
A stern and bloody oath he sware :

“ I swear it, by this wild-boar’s head,
And by the shaft that laid him dead,
“ Till this plague’s wash’d from out the land,
This blood I wash not off my hand ! ”

FYITE III.

Noménoë hath done, I trow,
What never chieftain did till now ;
Hath sought the sea-beach, sack in hand,
To gather pebbles from the strand—

Pebbles as tribute-toll to bring
The Intendant of the baldhead king.

Noménoë hath done, I trow,
What never chieftain did till now.

Prince as he is, hath ta’en his way,
The tribute-toll himself to pay.

“ Fling wide the gates of Roazon,
That I may enter in, anon.

“ Noménoë comes within your gate,
His wains all piled with silver freight.”

“ Light down, my lord, into the hall,
And leave your laden wains in stall.

“ Leave your white horse to squire and groom,
And come to sup in the dais-room :

“ To sup, but first to wash, for lo !
E'en now the washing-horn* they blow.”

“ Fullsoon, fair sir, shall my washing be made,
When that the tribute hath been weigh'd.”

The first sack from the wains they pight—
(I trow 'twas corded fair and tight)—

The first sack that they brought to scale,
'Twas found full weight and honest tale :

The second sack that they came to,
The weight therein was just and true ;

The third sack from the wains they pight—
“ How, now ! I trow this sack is light ? ”

The Intendant saw, and from his stand
Unto the sack he raught his hand—

He raught his hand the cords unto,
That so their knots he might undo.

“ From off the sack thy hand refrain ;
My sword shall cut the knot in twain ! ”

The word had scanty passed his teeth,
When flash'd his bright sword from the sheath—

Through the Frank's neck the falchion went,
Shear by his shoulders as he bent ;

It cleft the flesh and bones in twain,
And eke the links o' one balance-chain :

Into the scale the head plump'd straight,
And there, I trow, was honest weight !

Loud through the town the cry did go :

“ Hands on the slayer ! Ho ! Harò ! ”

He gallops forth out through the night ;

“ Ho ! torches, torches—on his flight ! ”

“ Light up, light up ! as best ye may,
The night is black, and frore the way.

“ But ere ye catch me, sore I fear,
The shoes from off your feet you'll wear—

“ The shoes of the gilded blue cordwain ;†
For your scales—you'll ne'er need them again.

“ Your scales of gold you will need no more,
To weigh the stones of the Breton shore !
To war ! ”

THE PRIVATE VIEW.



THE PRIVATE VIEWS, IN
FACT, OF MRS. CHARLES
FONDLESQUAW, AS COM-
MUNICATED TO ONE OF
HER BRIDESMAIDS.

DEAREST JANE,
I AM sure you'll be
happy to know
We had cards, Rose and
me, for this year's
Private Show,—
Private View, dear, I
mean, of the Pictures,
and, Jane,
The Simpsons had none
—which will give you
much pain.

Charles wished to go early, but that seem'd to me
All nonsense : who dresses for no one to see ?
We appointed at one, but you need not be told
That watches will stop, or that husbands will scold.

But we kept him in pretty good temper till two,
With nice little messages—here are a few :
“We were just coming down.” “Had he seen the
new *Punch* ?”
And “I hoped he was taking some sherry and lunch.”

At last he grew fatal, and sent us up word
That losing the morning was worse than absurd ;
And my lord has a will—and by this time I know
To a frown, my dear Jenny, how far I may go.

I don't think his haste made us dawdle the more,
But three struck as we reached the Academy door ;
Such a number of visitors, all the best class,
How I wish'd that the Simpsons had happen'd to pass.

The place looks so bright, and the carpet so clean,
And there's room to turn round, and one's dress can be
seen ;
And the feeling is pleasant—though naughty, no
doubt—
That you've been let in where your friends are shut
out.

Rose insists upon telling you how we were dressed,
How we like the Spring fashions, and which are the
best,
But I must say, myself, and I think you'll agree,
The new Paris bonnet's not suited to me.

Because, just consider, although you've nice hair,
Which one brings rather forward, one's forehead is
square,
And it must stand to reason, the bonnet

*(Six verses removed, as not exactly relevant to an
Art-Exhibition.)*

But to come to the pictures, (and you may suppose
How Charles got so cross at our not minding those)
I'm no critic, of course, and I don't make a boast
(Like Maud Simpson) of taste—these impressed me the
most.

The loveliest picture this season, *I* say,
Is the darling Princess, with the bridal array,
Such sweet pretty faces surround the young pair,
And as for the dresses and jewels—well, *there!*

There's one by Sir Edwin, exceedingly grand,
The Deluge, or something—I don't understand :
Some people are perch'd on the top of a house,
And a love of a cat, and a dear little mouse.

Then there's one of that Queen—what's her name—
Antoinette,
Abused by French hags, such a horrible set !
One longs for the soldiers to rush in between,
And shoot every wretch that's insulting the Queen.

Mr. Frith's Claude Duval we all knew at a glance :
The robber's compelling a lady to dance :
To meet such a highwayman really was luck,
And she ought to forgive him, he looks such a duck.

There's a soldier in black, O, so stern and upright !
Taking leave of his bride on the eve of the fight.
Such satin, my dear, O, it's exquisite, Jane,
And a ribbon so rich you will not see again.

There's Katharine—I mean the ridiculous Shrew ;
She is frowning like death, but she's beautiful, too :
Petruchio is looking uncommonly wroth,
And spilling the gravy all over the cloth.

You remember—I'm sure that you do—Pegwell Bay,
Where Charles took us all for a lunch that hot day.
There's a picture of that, cut as sharp as a knife,
With the ladies' red petticoats done to the life.

One picture's remarkably good, I declare.
There's a boy without trousers ; he has but one pair,
Which his mother is mending, he full of distress
At being deprived of his dignity dress.

There's a splendid great sailor, all courage and hope,
Preparing to swim from a wreck with a rope ;
The scene is all terror, the vessel's aground,
But a dear little baby is sleeping so sound.

An artist called Hook has some lovely green seas ;
Charles says they're designed to set wives on the seas.
Those waves made one eager to pack and away,
And I talked about Lowestoft and Hastings all day.

There's one very noble, they all of them said,
But I think very sad—a poor shepherd is dead,
His dog must have crawled on his bosom to die,
And his wife bends in sorrow—I wanted to cry.

But one that I thought was exceedingly fine,
Was that scene where Peg Woffington comes with the
wine,
And cheers the poor author, and puts a fresh life
In the pale pretty face of his heartbroken wife.

That's all I remember just now, dearest Jane,
If I think of some more I will scribble again :
But you write to Maud Simpson—now do, Jenny, do,
And take it for granted they went to the *Vision*.

SMILES BACCHET

SHÂH NOSHIRWÂN, KING OF PERSIA.

IN Persia, in olden time, lived a great king,

Whose name was Shâh Noshirwân :

'Twas his custom, whenever he heard a good thing
To say "Zeh !" and his treasurer then would fling
A purse to the fortunate man.

This king, when out hunting on one fine day;

Saw an aged man planting trees :

He rode up, and said, "With your hair so grey,
Don't you think you are throwing your time away?
You'll never eat food from these ?"

"For three-score years I have eaten sweet food

From trees that I did not sow ;

And would it not be base ingratitude

If I took no thought of posterity's good,

And paid not the debt I owe !"

"Zeh, zeh !" said the king; and the treasurer
straight

To the old man a purse hath thrown.

"See, see ! for good works it is never too late ;

God hath given me fruit without needing to wait,

Before all my trees are sown."

"Zeh, zeh !" once again : ere the word was said,
Another purse flew on its way.

"Till God placed the crown on your Majesty's head,

Was such a strange thing ever heard of, or read,

As to reap two crops in one day !"

"Zeh, zeh !" yet again, and a third full purse

To the old man's hand falls nigh ;

But the king in his horse's flank drives his spurs,

Nor waits for more answer in prose or in verse,—

Lest the wit of that old man, so prompt, so terse,

Should drain his full treasury dry.

NOT MOURN FOR THEE ?

Not mourn for thee ? Though tears be vain,
Our bursting hearts refute
The frigid philosophic strain,
That deepest woes are mute.
However stoic Reason preach,
Warm Nature will rebel,
And grief *must* strive to vent in speech
What words are vain to tell, Mary !

Not mourn for thee ? It may be, Time,
That dries all human tears,
Will bid the flood of passion's prime
Ebb with the healing years.
But still from out our hearts will well
One low, undying strain,
A plaint, as of the murmuring shell
That ever mourns the main, Mary !

Not mourn for thee ? It may be, Earth
Will circle as of yore,
And leaf, and flower, and fruit, have birth
As bounteous as before ;
But we shall mark a charm the less
In earth, and sea, and sky,
Missed from that perfect loveliness
They wore when thou wert by, Mary !

Not mourn for thee ? Ah, lying grief !
The tears which *will* have way,
O'erburden'd Nature's kind relief,
But *seem* to disobey.
It is but for ourselves we weep,
For our own loss repine ;
Ah, God ! unwittingly we keep
That dying charge of thine, Mary !

If, in that better world on high,
Where thou art dwelling now,
Thou yet canst bend a pitying eye
On us who weep below ;
Oh, whisper, from that glorious sphere
The selfish love forgiven
That would have bound a Martyr here,
And grudged a Saint to Heaven, Mary !
HARRY LEROY TEMPLE.

HER BRIDAL.

THE clanging steeple dins the air,
The banners flutter gay,
The maidens scatter roses fair
Along their homeward way;

And courtly bends the gallant, proud
To lead so sweet a bride;
She turns upon the greeting crowd
No gentle look aside;

No tender glance of love apart
To her high lord the while,
For memory of one trusting heart
That thrill'd 'neath such a smile,

He who first dared to seek her love,—
To seek it? ay, to win,—
Whom now (O pain all pain above!)
To think of is to sin.

He turns away, too stern for tears,
With haggard looks and wan,
A simple boy, it seems, in years,
In grief an aged man.

Long life may yet be his, to give
The wreck of faith full scope,
Long years of suffering to live
And nurse the widow'd hope:

Long, long unsolac'd vigils yet,
Visions of sadden'd eyes
To mock the mourner's mad regret
With guilty sympathies.

For seems not ever life too long
That lingers on a waste,
And such a sorrow's hand too strong
To be full soon displaced?

Not falling on some foreign strand,
In battle's reddest glow,
With dinted brand in fainting hand,
And face towards the foe;

Not sinking with some shatter'd ship,
Were it so hard to part
From her whose name were on the lip,
Whose image on the heart:

Not bending o'er the hopeless bed,
Watching the dear one die,—
Kneeling beside the dear one dead,
Were half the agony

That sears the soul, and burns the brow,
At consciousness of this,
That lips once his are shrinking now
Beneath a barter'd kiss !

RALPH A. BENSON.

MUSA.

AWAY with you, baby, away to the garden,
And leave ugly Latin to Algernon, do :
He *must* learn the lesson, although it's a hard one,
But, darling, there's plenty of time before you.

Oh, if you but knew, dear, you'd run like the kitten,
And scamper away from a future that waits :—
If you knew the dry nonsense the big folks have written
On purpose to pester the little folks' pates.



We want all poor Algernon's deepest attention,
You see his sad case by the way that he frowns ;
He's fighting a thing that they call a declension—
A sort of a regiment of soldiers called nouns.

He'll beat them, you know, for he's brave and he's
willing ;

And going to work at them, hammer and tongs,
And mamma knows who'll give him a splendid new
shilling

As soon as he's perfect to—here, see,—“*By Songs.*”

So don't interrupt him, my darling, with chatter,
He stops in his lesson to look up and laugh :
His fragile conception of datives you scatter,
And cut his poor ablative plural in half.

What, blue eyes wide open at hearing such tidings
At being accused in such very long words,
And looking as wistful as if they were chidings !
No, darling, run off to the flowers and the birds

Eh ! you want a lesson ! Well ! count all those re-
For each you leave out you must pay me a kiss :
And Al shall be free, too, the moment he knows his
Musa, musarum, mu—what, Al !—mamma.

So off with you, baby, and O ! be contented
That you've got no lesson to cloud that white brow.
Some day you'll wish Latin had not been invented :
Perhaps, in her heart, mamma wishes so now.

R. M. B.

WHAT ONE YEAR BROUGHT.

If they had told me a year ago,
As I lay, all love, at my darling's feet,
That our hearts would become more cold than snow,
And our eyes never meet when we meet—

If they had told me the treasured tress [flames ;
Would be shrivell'd and shrunk in the heedless
That love, and devotion, and tenderness
Would become but idle names—

If they had told me the ring you wore
(Well chosen, the opal's changing hue)
Would be lying crush'd at my feet on the floor
For its crime that it bound me to you—

If they had told me your love was a lie,
That your faith was faithless, and false your heart ;
That you would change sweetness to scorn, and I
Should give scorn for your scorn, and depart—

I should have said, with a laugh, that the sun [sea :
Would be dark, the hills tottering, and shallow the
One short year through its snows and its roses has run,
Yet you are wedded, and I am free. W. W. M.

THE "POSTE RESTANTE."—A REVERIE.

PRELUDE.

HEART-WEARIED with the jarring, ceaseless wheels
That move the Present, and the pinching chain
Of arduous nothings, linking day to day,
I throw myself on Aganippe's brink,
And bury deep my brows in honey'd thyme,
And dally with the asphodels,
And cry aloud for some unsandall'd nymph
To flute me in the ear with slender pipe,
White-footed nymph, haunting the sacred spring ;—
Or gaze an hour in those crystalline wells,
'Till the blue heaven within them seems more real,
And larger, than the upper, spanning sky.
Then, as I list the runnels murmuring down
O'er shining pebbles, marged by lilac cups
Of crocus, and the slender, upturn'd flow'r
Whose virgin bosom, vein'd with tenderest green,
Opes to the zenith sky,—like Innocence,*
Visions attend me, and the gaudy day
Changes to pictured night. The earth is gone ;
And Fancy reigns supreme upon her starry throne.

THE POSTE RESTANTE.

O, might I live my yesterdays again,
And feel the heart's beat as in hours of yore !—
'Twas in a famed, grey, mouldering town of Spain,
Which from the hills frowns on its southern shore,
That first I felt my sinewy arm grown weak,
And flush and pallor chase my unused cheek.

I stood before an ancient convent's wall,
Whence, through a grated window, look'd—no nun,
Nor friar—but a grim official tall ;
Who for an hour, about the set of sun,
Dispensed, for maravedis paid and given,
Letters—which made the breast a hell, or heaven.

* The grass of Parnassus.

Six weeks from home and what seem'd weary care,
My rough and mannish soul grown somewhat tender;
Whether 'twas Autumn, or the mountain-air,
Or coal-black eyes, or dirt, had been the mender
Of my rude nature, I know not ; but know
That day I felt disturbed, and changed, and low.

For I, in mad resolve, had sent a letter,
Some ten days erst—being alone in Spain—
To one at home, in all respects my better.
And being sent, I curst my rashness vain.
“ Ah ! wretch,” said I, “ you've shut the door of hope,
Which never more, even in dreams, may ope ! ”

And yet I came, tending due maravedis
At the barred window in the convent old ;
Where was a knot of merchants, monks, and ladies,
Who all seem'd warm, whilst I was shivering cold.
And when my turn was, I could hardly speak
My errand, with hoarse voice, and blanching cheek.

There came a pause. Th' official left the grate,
Interpreting my name in accents Spanish ;
I, the meanwhile, first fainting, next irate
T' have let the wretch who held my fate vanish.
When back he came—my “ end-all and my be-all ”—
Holding a letter : “ More to pay—one rial ! ”

A gasp—a grasp—'twas mine ! There stood my name,
The shaggy, whiskered *me* !—in sweet, small hand
E'er to have writ was more to me than fame.
O, happy winds, that wafted from my land
The ship that bore my letter ! Blessed town !
And blest official—scowling, gaunt, and brown !

Yes ! There the letter small, with feminine writing,
Lay in my dewy hand—'twas no mistake :
Christian and surname, in correct inditing,
If 'twere no dream from which I might awake.
Spite of bystanders, I remember this,—
Giving her missive kiss, and kiss, and kiss.

Whether I read my letter in the street,
Or to the hostel flew, I cannot tell :
But when th' enclosed words my eyes did meet,
The weight which lifted off my heart, full well
I do remember ; and the sense of rest,
And warmth, and light, that fill'd my joyful breast.

Words calm and hopeful, womanly and wise,
Words that an angel might have penn'd or read ;
They spoke a mood of pleasure, tears, surprise,
As if new heavens had open'd overhead,
And re-allumed the world on which she stood,
Like evening sunlight on a summer wood.

And I remember, too, at that same hour
A change came o'er me. There a *man* I breath'd,—
No more a youthful trifter ; but with power
All armed, to wage life's war with sword unscathed
I've fought ! And shrin'd Love has, midst the din,
An inner-temple found—in Lincoln's-Inn.

BRAY.